The man who doth rise with the lark, Sacking, like the bee, for the honey Finds something farm up before dark. That bifugs to the pecket the money The someone be lifted for the grain. The the last be east for the likes.

Don't always depend on your friends, Who fly at the tidings of sorrow, But rather your purse touch with eare, Seeing that it yields for the morrow; In fact, be a friend to yourself, And thus by self-effort succeeding.

Miscellany.

ADAM AND EVE.

BY SOPHIE MAY. They say "Quaker sermon is best said unsaid"; but, dear reader, my preaching underlies a love story; and if I did not tell the story then thee would never hear it. It is the story than the would never hear it. It concerns Adam Mott and myself, and a few other souls. If I undertake it, thee mr, st let me begin at the beginning; and I apprehend that for that I need not go back any farther than Adam.

I remember the first time I ever saw Triend Mott: father and I were going to meeting on a first day in fourth month. We were turning a corner, when the wind

We were turning a corner, when the wind waked out of a sound sleep and blew a great gust of rain in our faces. Then we found we had fallen in with our worthy found we had faiten in with our worthy Friend Potter and a stranger. The stranger was a personable man; but I saw him through the water in my eyes, and that blurred him a little. An adverse wind seemed to blow us together. I was forced against his drab coat before I knew it, and Friend Potter said, with a

smile:
"This is our friend, Adam Mott, from Philadelphia. Friend Mott, let me make thee acquainted with Eve Douglass."
"How now?" said my father. "Is this verily Friend Adam? And why didn't thee

verily Friend Adam? And why didn't thee come straight to my house?"

He shook hands as if he never would let go; and then I remembered who the man was, for I had often heard mention of Adam. I looked at him critically, and the first thing I saw was his eyes, as blue and almost as unfathomable as the sky. Thee has seen such bright, opaque eyes, with a smile in them. But thee never knows whether the smile means anything or not; that is for thee to find out after thee gets acquainted.

thee gets acquainted.

Adam was pleasant to look upon, and his stiff, quiet ways were rather agreeable; but I could think of nothing to say

I knew he did. He said to me, two or three times: "Eve, when Friend Mott goes through the State, he will call on us, and I expect thee to treat him the best thee knows how. I set great store by some of his family."

So I thought I would try to be agreeable; but if I had been flayed alive I could not have thought of anything to say. When father asked the young man to go and dine with us, and to make our house his home while he remained in town, I repeated the invitation as warmly as I repeated the invitation as warmly as I could. He replied that he would go with pleasure; he had long desired to make

pleasure; he had long desired to make our acquaintance.

But I judged by the way he gazed at my dress, that he thought I was not much of a "Friend." I did not wear a sugar-scoop bonnet, but a straw cottage with worldly bows on it, and a little lace around the face. My silk gown was mode-colored, and I had on a wicked casaque, which was then the style. Father allowed me to wear what I liked, for I did not "belong to the meeting," and my dear mother before me had been one of the world's people.

satisfaction. Father hoped I had quite outgrown the troublesome impulsiveness of my infancy. The trut is, dear reader, I kept myself ander lock and key. Cousin Sophia knew it; Dr. Hathaway knew it; and so did Martha, our maid, and brother John; for there were times when I was really obliged to come out and act myself before somelody.

Whether this Friend Adam would ever see me otherwise than as a demure Quaker damsel, depended entirely upon the natural magnetism of his nature. Thee may wonder what were my presentiments on that subject? Ah, friend, thee needn't ask too close questions. A woman may have her intuitions; but even when one tries to tell a true story, don't thee think there are some things one might as well

other way.

Dinner was over at last; and, as soon as father saw me alone, he asked me, rather anxiously, how I liked Friend

AMERICAN

"Bound by no Party's arbitrary sway, We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

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NO. 14.

JOHN F. BOSWORTH, Editor and Proprietor.

"It is often so with elderly men, dear; but they know better all the time. Priscilla Mott—I forgot her maiden name—was nearly broken hearted. Not that she died on the spot—women seldom do, Eve; she's alive now, and her husband, too, for she hadn't the strength of mind to remain single. She married a shiftless, do nothing sort of man, and your father feels as if he couldn't do ten upon for the feels.

Adam was displeased. As we walked not be considered in the strength of mind to remain single. She married a shiftless, do nothing sort of man, and your father feels as if he couldn't do to much for the family, he has helped educate Adam."

"Oh! Sophia, thece cuts me to the heart, to think that my father, the soul of hoor, should have broken his word."

"Adam Most," said I, "thee may as single she has belief delucate Adam."

"Adam Most," said I, "thee may as said. Thee need not attempt to control most in the strength of the said. Thee need not attempt to control most in the strength of the said. Thee need not attempt to control most in the strength of the said. Thee need not attempt to control most in the strength of the said. Thee need not attempt to control most in the strength of the said. Thee need not attempt to control most in the said. The need not attempt to control most in the said. The need not attempt to control most in the said. The need not attempt to control most in the said. The need not attempt t

saved me all this trouble of making up

mind? Presently Dr. Hathaway, who boarded Presently Dr. Hathaway, who boarded at Friend Grant's, came to walk home with Miriam. He talked to me, but I scarcely listened. I was thinking how I longed to ask father if he really wished me to cancel his debt to the mother by marrying the son? Not that I should ever say as much to father; I could not break through the reserve which had always existed between us.

"I see thou art in perlexity," said Dr. Hathaway, falling into the "plain language," as he sometimes did with me when very much in earnest. "Is there anything I can do for thee, Eve?"

"Nothing. O no, Friend Edward, and I musta't tell thee what it is," stammered I. "I am not perplexed at all; and if I am, thee musta't notice it."

He looked at me, and then glanced across the room at Adam, who seemed to be furtively watching us. In my simplicity I never imagined that the story was very easy to road.

"My dear child." said the doctor, in his

know; something to be remembered afterward; something to give me a little aid, I do not doubt; but just then Cousin Sophia came languidly along and desired the doctor to pronounce on a new "symptom." I was vexed; I wished to talk longer with Friend Edward. Not that I would have told him anything, but I might have asked a few leading questions, I thought, without betraying Adam. While Miriam was putting on her things, he found time to say:

say:

"Be true to thyself, Evc., Let no one
over-persuade thee to any step thy heart
does not sanction. Next time we meet

"Yes, your father: but he taught school smong the world's people at Milton, and there he saw Helen Raymond, and ske taught him what love is!"

Cousin Sophia sighed at this juncture. She had met with a "disappointment" in her youth.

"Cousin Sophia, I cannot credit the story! My father always speaks of love as a "figment of the brain."

"Then I am satisfied," replied Friend Edward, solemnly, but his face was a low it it startled me, and there was a look in it that thrilled my heart strangely. I was never in my life less sure of any but they know better all the time. Pris. and she taught him what love is?"

Cousin Sophia sighed at this juncture. She had met with a "disappointment" in her youth.

"Cousin Sophia, I cannot credit the story! My father always speaks of love as a 'figment of the brain.'"

"It is often so with elderly men, dear; but they know better all the time. Priscilla Mott—I forgot her maiden name—was nearly broken hearted. Not that she was mearly broken hearted. Not that she was mearly broken hearted. Not that she

Adam Mott!

We had unconsciously strayed to some distance, and on our return I saw that Adam was displeased. As we walked home he undertook to chide me for being too trifling in my manners. His words were very gentle, but they roused me to

years old! If I lived in that wide and dangerous place called "the world," should I be likely to meet people more agreeable than old bachelors and "preaching friends?" But this question did not bear upon the subject. My lot was cast among Quakers.

Miriam Grant came in that evening, and I longed to open my heart to her; but she was not a girl to respect one's confidence, though such a pretty, winsome creature, that I loved to watch her. Adam seemed to find her entertaining. She was not overawed as I was. Why hadn't he fancied her instead of me, and saved me all this trouble of making up my minds.

Macauer does thee perceive the sophistry of her views?

Friend Edward had grown estranged. I could not but observe it with pain. One evening he came to say good-by. He was going into the army as surgeon. Friend Edward! Ah, this struck home! I tried to conceal my distress. I had begun, before this, to suspect the true state of my heart, and the bitter consciousness made me wary. Words I had no right to speak rose to my tongue; emotions I had no right to feel were throbbing at my heart: tears, which would not have sarted if Adam had been dying, gushed up and choked me while Edward held my hand saved me all this trouble of making up

preachments; and if thee doesn't see the moral, it is this:

"A bad promise is better broken than

The second chapter of my story is very short; I mean that part of it which will bear it.

bear the telling.

Friend Edward came home from the

keeping across the river, like a pair of turtle doves. Edward and I were wedded three years ago come next month; and it is a true marriage; so I suppose thee will say, that is all thee cares to hear about it.

Beware of the Spare Bed.

Adam had been choked me while Edward held my hand to say good-by.

So many years as I had known him!

Such pleasant talks as we had had together! How could I spare him? Perhaps he might not live to come back! Never had I known such a friend before, never should I find such another. It was dreadful that he was going, and I dared not tell him I was sorry.

"Not one word for me?" said he, sadly.

"Only say "God-speed," my friend!"

"My lips moved. He must have seen I could not speak. I tore my hands from his and rushed out of the room; that was our parting.

Dr.

Beds that have been left unused for days, and even weeks, in the damp season of the year are dangerous to the health life of those who sleep in them. When

Whether this Primed Adaps anced ever the character of the

As a matter of public interest we print the fellowing letter from the Hon. Leonard Swett, of Chicago, to Jesse W. Fell, Esq., of Bloomington, Ill., in reply to a letter of inquiry as to the views of the former respecting the reform movement in the Republican party.

Both Mr. Swett and Mr. Fell are well-known citizens of Illinols, and influential Republicans. Both were among the men who taid the foundations of the Republican party; who participated in its earliest organization; who have persistently adhered to its fortunes and given it the aid of their co-operation. Both, more

President.

Brace W. Fell, Bloomington, Ill.:

Drace Sin: Your note asking my views of the Cincimnati Convention has been received. I understand that Convention to be a mass-meeting of all Republicans opposed to the existing policy and practices of the party, and I intend to co-operate with the movement, because I believe the principles of our party have been subverted, and its present policies and practices injurious and demoralizing to the country.

At the close of the war, the Government enfranchised the negroes, and, by attaching disabilities to men prominent in the Rebellion, practically disfranchised the property-holding and intelligent classes of the South. The next step was to empower the army quartered there to override civil authority. The negroes and poor whites thus holding control, and the country thus subordinated, polical power became questions of muscle and enterprise. Adventurers, without character at home, swarmed there, and, encouraged by the Government because they were Republicans, "corralled" the negroes in the name of Liberty, and appropriated to themselves all the positions of profit and trust. Thus, under forms of law, property has been pillaged, intelligence enshwed, and every State, city, county, parish and town have been saddled with debts generations cannot pay, and for which the people have literally nothing to show. These leeches are still at their work, feasting upon all that is valuable and vital; and if the truth may be spoken, our party is aiding and encouraging them. The people, thus crippled, cannot valuable and vital; and if the truth may be spoken, our party is aiding and encouraging them. The people, thus crippled, cannot shake them off; and they will gorge themselves until the rights of citizenship are restored to those whom they are depleting. You and I became Republicans because opposed to the oppression of slavery. What hand has moulded us until we have become its advocates and patrons? The same reason which made me sympathize with the negro makes me the friend of the white man now that war and time have changed their mutual relations.

that war and time have changed their mutual relations.

Recently, in our city, when 20,000 families at night were homeless in the streets, and fire and fear were universal, the Government, requested by the Mayor, established a military guard over moldering bank-vanits and remaining valuables, and gave a sense of restful security to worn-out and panic stricken people. The Governor of this Republican State complained that such protection was irregular, and our Republican Legislature, now in session, officially sustained him, under the fear that this grateful kindness might become a precedent for Federal oppression.

kindness might become a precedent for Federal oppression.

Now, if, as a party, we are such sticklers about meeting interference at home that we cannot let two companies of regulars help save a burning city, when no one charges a motive except to relieve distress, what are we thinking of ourselves when about to impose upon the South four years more of political disability and Federal control, knowing the consequences to be the practical en-

the face. My silk gown was mode-colored, and I had on a wicked casaque, which
was then the style. Father allowed me
to wear what I liked, for I did not "belong to the meeting," and my dear mother before me had been one of the world's
people.

They say she was an impulsive young
remember the music of her voice as she
mother to booked at me, and the sendent one
sang lullabies to me. She died when
brother John was a baby. I had been
ben't level in the story was the room at Adam, who seemed to
be forlively watching us a
trigger of the first ime set up, and a fire
lite down into quietness." I worked for the soldiers.

He looked at me, and the glanced
across the room at Adam, who seemed to
be forlively watching us to
drab-colored boarding-school, and had
card glanced for the wear of the pool of the year are dangerous to the health
and life of those who sleep in them. When
the people in the soldiers.

He looked at me, and the seemed to
be forlively watching us. In my simplic
ity I never imagined that the story was
sent away in my little childhood to a
drab-colored boarding-school, and had
card glanced for days, and even weeks, in the damp season
of the year are dangerous to the health
and life of those who sleep in them. When
the health
and life of those who sleep in them. When
the health and life of those who sleep in them. When
the soliders in the story was
was the sometimes of the voice as she
the kitchen and I worked for the soldiers.

He looked at me, and the parlor
the kitchen and I worked for the soldiers.

He looked at me, and the soldiers was the thought, "Why can't I die?"

They say she was an impulsive young
are the music of her voice as she
the kitchen and I worked for the soldiers.

He looked at me, and the parlor of the year are dangerous to the health
and life of those who sleep in them. Whe
the helth and life of those who sleep in them. Whe
the soldiers was the thought's applied of resistance.

He looked at me, and the parlor of the soldiers.

He looked at me, and the soldiers was the thought, "W

ed of starting one of its iron links. Hadn't my word been passed? My evord!

Adam had not enlisted yet; was waiting for his company. His letters to me were well enough, but I had no patience to read them. Yet all the while I listened are degreedily to every stray word from Dr. Hathaway. He was throwing his whole soul into the work. Everybody in town missed the good doctor—Cousin Sophia by no means least.

One evening, as I walked home from a sewing-circle, whom should I meet in my very path but Adam Mott? "Why, where in the world did thee come from?" I cried, with more surprise than delight.

Toom; this was considered all that was not more considered all that was not considered all that was not may be described that I had a lake cold. My babe seemed to be in great pain when moved. His face began to swell, and he was afflicted with envisional state, county, town, and ward, resolved it. It was for this, in tears and pain, the mother gave her boy, and from the lize.

A few weeks later I accompanied my husband to fill appointments in several places. In four of these places we had the misfortune to be assigned the spare bed in rooms opening from the particle. With these accusations and fears universually move flesh; and all we desired was an unbroken country, in which liberty should be in great pain when moved. His face began to swell, and he was afflicted with envisional, state, country, town, and ward, resolved it. It was for this, in tears and pain, the mother gave her boy, and the weeks, and finally died, a martyr to the damp bed.

A few weeks later I accompanied my husband to fill appointments in several places. In four of these places we had build out in the history of those that the damp of the damp bed. With these accusations and fears universal. Why have been and ward, resolved it. It was for this, in the second of this, Congress declared it, and our party Conventions, National, State, country, in which liberty should be disken coild. My character for four weeks, and finally died, a martyr to the damp bed.

order. Through natural anteroxism to birn, and because of faults on all sides, we dritted to the present. The reason we have thus drifted is, because there has been no way in which the policy of the party could be opposed or changed, except by postoring the Democratic party to power; and our people have but reproduced that listory which free countries always develon, and that animus from which Americans never yet departed, when they swallow anything, endure anything, and permit anything, rather than restore to power that party believed to be the opponents and cause of the war.

The British people, after the Napoleonic wars, refused to invest with power the opposing party for the whole life of the generation passing through the struggle. Our people also have always carried this practice to the death. The Federalists of 1812, and the Whig party, which opposed the Mexican

can party; who participated in its earliest organization; who have persistently
adhered to its fortunes and given it the
aid of their co-operation. Both, moreover, were among the zealous personal as
well as political friends of Mr. Lincoln;
the former was one of the Electors who
cast the fourteen votes of Illinois for
Abraham Lincoln for the office of
President.

Chicago, March 14.

Isaac W. Fell, Bloomingion, Rl.:

Dran Sin: Your note asking my views of
the Cincinnati Convention has been received.
I understand that Convention to be a massmeeting of all Republicans opposed to the
existing policy and practices of the party,
and I intend to co-operate with the movement, because I believe the principles of our
party have been subverted, and its present
policies and practices in prious and demoralizing to the country.

At the close of the war, the Government
enfranchised the negroes, and, by attaching
the wiscondard proposed the Mexican
the Whig party, which opposed the Mexican
death. These were the result of sentiam
death.

South, and the people only want a square opportunity to say it.

The Cincinnati Convention, therefore, in my opinion, meets an urgent public want. It proposes to break loose and organize a party upon the principles of Universal Liberty and Amnesty. It proposes to carry out and apply those principles and precepts which their great leader taught and practised. It proposes to adopt as a cardinal feature the substance of a resolution passed by our State Convention last September; to liberate within our land the enslaved of all colors and races, to enfranchise all the people, and, remembering only the virtues and heroism of the war, to encourage a general forgetfulness of all the harrowing memories it produced.

duced.

The Republicans in power excuse and continue political disabilities on the ground that, whenever left free, the Southern people have been and will be unruly. Many answers to this position are apparent. In the first place, it is not true. No war so great was ever followed by seven years of peace so universal and complete.

il is not true. No war so great was ever followed by seven years of peace so universal and complete.

And, then, the excuse itself is nothing but one of the wormout false pretences by which are not of the wormout false pretences by which it is not five and it is of treland; Russia does of Poland; Anstria did of Hungary and Italy; the master did of the siave, and we doof the master. The fault with this policy is, that it leads to no end of our troubles. On the contravity are not enslaved peoples unruly be the harder to stop. Can we pin this country it is pursued the greater the injury, and the harder to stop. Can we pin this country it is pursued the greater the injury, and the harder to stop. Can we pin this country it is pursued the greater the injury, and the harder to stop. Can we pin this country in the permanently together with bayonets? Will four, eight or twelve years of misrule sweet of the followed them into the kitchen.

"Now, there's no use in your making of the greater the injury, and the harder to stop. Can we pin the sound on a Dolly's check, and the cat was a Can we pin the greater the injury, and the harder to stop. Can we pin the sound on the fruit of tyranny and misrule, but illered to stop. Contentment is not the fruit of tyranny and misrule, but illered to stop the state of the

and to the last. We insisted they were our brethren, "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," and all we desired was an unbroken country, in which liberty should be universal. Mr. Lincoln officially proclaimed in this, Congress declared it, and our party Conventions, National, State, county, town. Year of conventions, National, State, county, town. Year of conventions, National, State, county, town. Year of those people for the next four years. I have inroduced in this, Congress declared it, and our party Conventions, National, State, county, town. Year of conventions, National, State, county, town. Year of this he carried the flag to his death on the lise.

With these accusations and fears universally known with all our denials, protestations and professions so notorious as to stand boldly out in the history of those times, the Rebellion surrendered in armies by the fifty thousand, and history waited to write whether their fears were well founded, or our professions sincere.

Seven years have since elapsed, and, looking over the scene of the conflict, we find the white men loaded with political disabilities in the court of he used to exercise given to his former slave, and his country a Botany Bay for every scallaway who wishes to plunder in the leaders the death-penalty of treason; but to lix permanent disabilities upon the body of the people, is to make slavery the consecution, and stand before the world confirming the laws of civilized warfare, subvert to lix permanent disabilities upon the body of the people, is to make slavery the consecution, and stand before the world confirming the laws of civilized warfare, subvert to lix permanent disabilities upon the body of the people, is to make slavery the consecution, and stand before the world confirming the laws of civilized warfare, subvert to lix permanent disabilities upon the leaders the death-penalty of treason; but to lix permanent disabilities upon the leaders the death-penalty of treason; but to lix permanent disabilities upon the leaders the death

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Youths' Department. WHAT THE CHOIR SANG ABOUT THE NEW BONNET.

BY HARIGETTE HAMMOND root.r-n little maiden bought a foolish little bon-

their ringing.

And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

dimes and use them well.

Ge Home, Boys.

Boys, don't hang around the corners of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right on, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners, and at the stables they bearn to talk slang, and they learn to socar, to smoke tobacco, and to the many other things that they ought to take full possession. Chicago Times.

There aint but phew can stick a white

spacious play ground. It should have plenty of soft green grass, and trees, and fountains, and wroad space to run and jamp, and to play suitable plays. I would make it as pleasant, as lovely, as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in; and when the play was ended, I would telt them to go home.

For when boys hang around the street corners, and the stables, they get slouchy, and listless; of all things I dislike a listess boy or girl. I would have a hundred boys like a hundred yachts, with every spar straight, and every rope taut, the decks and sides clean, the rigging all in order, and everything ready to slip the cable and fly before the wind when the word comes to go.

ord comes to go.

But this cannot be if you lounge about it streets, and loaf about the corners,

and idle away your time at the stables and

When you are from home have some business; attend to your business, and then go home.—Sunday School Scholar.

The Presidency as a Perquisite.

A roomen little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet.

With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it.

And that the other maidens of the little town might know it.

She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday, just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime, their singling.

The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;

So when the motive in seeking and accepting office is to get money out of it sand out of its opportunities, the mode of performing its duties is generally that which will insure the most money. There is a prejudice in the minds of the masses of the American people against men who carry an "itching palm" into the higher offices of the Government. Statesmanship, patriotism and impartial judgment can rarely be looked for from one whose estimate of the duties of his office makes the salary his chief inducement to accept So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door;
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them down before.

"Hallelijah! hallelijah!" sang the choir above her head,—
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said. words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, rery cross.

That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;

For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about ner bonnet.

With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or war. So strong has been this sentiment and this fear, that I do not think a temptation to restore the Democracy has ever crossed the public mind.

The present situation, therefore, is but the result of a corner made upon the people, by which their sentiments are stifled, and does not commit the public mind to the present. Southern policy. It only proves what our people will suffer and permit rather than restore the Democratic party to power. Let no man deceive himself. The principles of illerity are as dear to the Republican masses as they ever were. The present Southern governments, and all efforts to pervert or stifle enlightened public sentiment there, are as odious at the North as they can be at the South, and the people only want a square opportunity to say it.

The Cincinnati Convention, therefore, in my opinion week and the result of the present southern proposed in the people only want a square opportunity to say it.

Lucy Ann was the little side to the sermon or the prayer, and all interest and hurried appropriate LUCY ANN'S LITTLE TEMPTATION.

this, a man whose thoughts are upon morey does not care. He necessarily despises them as visionary and meaningless

Lucy Ann was the little girl. Jane Maria was the doll. Lucy Ann said to Jane Maria, one day, "Now, you've just gone and got the mumps, and I'm going to doctor you up right smart; or you'll be having carache or something all winter; and like as not you'll be down sick when winter comes, and I shall just have to stay at home and take care of you."

Lucy Ann went into the kitchen to make a poultice (poultices were the thing for the mumps, she thought), and Jane Maria was left alone.

Only the cat listened to poor Dolly's doleful words. "Oh! it's dreadful to be a Maria was left alone.

Only the cat listened to poor Dolly's doleful words. "Oh! it's dreadful to be a doll," she said. "I am all twisted up. Lucy Ann tells folks the rheumatics did it; but I know 'twas herself—pulling me so, and twitchering me when she gets mad. Wish I could get mad, too, sometimes; but I guess I wouldn't tell folks a story bout it. Oh! it's awful to be a doll, and have a new head put on; and I know I've got to, if she puts that thing on; for it's jest a going to stick fast and pull all the red off my face. I know it is."

"Dear me! how loud you do purr!" said Lucy Ann to the cat, going into the room it's jest a going into the room to the cat, going into the room to the cat,

"Yes, here it is," said Lucy Ann;
"Yes, here it is," said Lucy Ann;
"right here."

Sarah Burns took the bottle and ran with it to Mrs. Brown.

"Isn't it lucky for me," thought Lucy Ann, "that she came; for what would mother say to all this oil? And now she'll think I spilled it out, getting the bottle for Mrs. Brown." After a while the darkness began to gather in the tall evergreens by the kitchen-windows, and Lucy Ann began to feel very unhappy. She had burned up the poultice, put away the dish in which it had been made, and hidden Jane Maria, so that no one should ask any questions about the cheek that had no paint on it. The evidence was out of sight, but the little actor did not feel one bit better.

At last her mother came home. As soon as the lamps were lighted she saw the oil on her child's dress.

"Lucy Ann, what is that on your new dress?" she asked
"It is castor-oil, mamma."

"How came it there?"

Lucy Ann hung down her head, and it was still in the room for a minute. Then the little girl looked up, and a twitching about her lips disappeared with the words:

"I spilled it. I was playing give Jane Mries and the dispraced against that he words:
"I spilled it. I was playing give Jane Mries and the dispraced against him. It is not so much that he is not a stratesman as that he

failen of India wharf and been drowned. The sad intelligence nearly crazed his mother, and his father having made arrangements for the funeral, proceeded to Boston for the corpse, while the young man returned to attend his own funeral, it to to so.